

# My Hooptie

## Sir Mix-A-Lot

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

My hooptie rollin' tailpipe draggin'  
Heat don't work an' my girl keeps naggin'  
Six nine Buick deuce keeps rollin'  
One hubcap 'cause three got stolen  
Bumper shook loose chrome keeps scrapin'  
Mis matched tires and my white walls flakin'  
Hit mickey d's Maharaji starts to bug  
He ate a quarter pounder threw the pickles on my rug  
Runnin' movin' tabs expired  
Girlies tryin' to dis 'n say my car looks tired  
Hit my brakes, out slid skittles  
Tinted back window with a bubble in the middle  
Who's car is it? Posse won't say  
We all play it off when you look our way  
Rollin' four deep, tires smoke up the block  
Gotta roll this bucket, 'cause my Benz is in the shop  
My hooptie - my hooptie  
Four door nightmare, trunk locks'  
stuck  
Big dice on the mirror, grill like a truck  
Lifters tickin', accelerator's stickin'  
Somethin' on my left front wheel keeps clickin'  
Picked up the girlies, now we're eight deep  
Cars barely movin', but now we got heat  
Made a left turn as I watched in fright  
My ex-girlfriend shot out my headlight  
She was standin', in the road, so I smashed her toes  
Mashed my pedal, boom, down she goes  
Law ain't lyin', long hairs flyin'  
We flipped the skeez off, dumb girl starts cryin'  
Baby called the cops, now I'm gettin' nervous  
The cops see a beeper and the suckers might serve us  
Hit a side street and what did we find?  
Some young punk, droppin' me a flip off sign  
Put the deuce in reverse, and started to curse

Another sucker on the south side about to get hurt  
 Homey got scared, so I got on  
 Yeah my group got paid, but my groups still strong  
 Posse moved north, headin for the CD  
 Ridin' real fast so the cops don't see me  
 Mis-matched tires got my boys uptight  
 Two Vogues on the left, Uniroyal on the right  
 Hooptie bouncin', runnin' on leaded  
 This is what I sport when you call me big-headed  
 I pot-hole crusher, red light rusher  
 Musher of a brother 'cause I'm plowin' over suckers  
 In a hooptie It's a three-ton monster, econo-box stomper  
 Snatch your girly, if you don't I'll romp 'er  
 Dinosaur rush, lookin' like Shaft  
 Some get bold, but some get smashed  
 Cops say the car smokes, but I won't listen  
 It's a six-nine deuce, so the hell with emissions  
 Rollin' in Tacoma, I could get burned  
 (Sound of automatic gunfire) Betta make a u-turn  
 Spotted this freak with immense posterior  
 Tryin' to roll smooth through the Hilltop area  
 Brother start lettin' off, kickin' that racket  
 Thinkin' I'm a rock star, slingin' them packets  
 I ain't wit' dat, so I smooth eject  
 Hit I-5 with the dope cassette  
 Playin' that tough crew hardcore dope  
 The tape deck broke  
 Damn what's next, brothers in Goretex  
 Tryin' to find a spot where we could hunt for sex  
 Found a little club called the N-C-O  
 Military, competition. You know.  
 I ain't really fazed, 'cause I pop much game  
 Rolled up tough, 'cause I got much fame  
 "How ya doin' baby, my name is Mixalot"  
 "Mixalot got a Benz boy, quit smokin' that rock"  
 Ooooh, I got dissed. But it ain't no thing  
 Runnin' that game with the home made slang  
 Baby got ished, Bremelo gip.  
 Keep laughin' at the car and you might get clipped  
 By a hooptie Runnin' outta gas, stuck in traffic  
 Far left lane, throwin' up much static  
 Input, output, carbeurator fulla soot  
 "Whatcha want me to do Mix?"  
 Push freak, push  
 Sputter, sputter rollin' over gutters  
 Cars dip low with hard core brothers  
 Tank on E, pulled into Arco

Cops on tip for Columbian cargo  
We fit a stereotype, that's what he said  
Big long car, four big black heads  
Cops keep jockin', grabbin' like 'gators  
'Bout stereotypes, I'm lookin' nuthin' like Noriega  
Cop took my wallet, looked at my license  
His partner said "Damn, they all look like Tyson"  
Yes, I'm legit, so they gotta let me go  
This bucket ain't rollin' in snow It's my hooptie

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